

Song of the South

Big time Christian,
Big time Crook.

Ah la la
la la la
la grits.

Hate the nig-rahs,
love their food.

Ah la la
la la la
la jazz.

& that rhythm IS
natural & we don't
give no shit for no PC.

Ah la la
la la la
la shoot ☐

Why, shoot a possum, or in-
vite the Japs in for
t'make Toy-oh-turrs

or whatevers. Can't
guarantee them old shit-
eating redneck they loved

so, but tame enough worker,
courtesy of the Church--

but it's what the fuck
they're for, no?

Wouldn't kid yuh ☐ Anyways,
Regional Pride, Yankee ☐
You use t'have it

up our ass, so how's

it feel now

we run the whole shebang,
from whichever idiot in
the White House to

the Charlie McCarthys
of Congress? We're smart-

er than you and got computer
guys smarter than us t'adjust
old-timey grease-elections

towards higher good & Jesus &
fucking you forever ah

la la
la la la
la true □

All politics is local &
the town's full of thieves.

(Foreign stuff's a Jew
thing anyways.) We'd

say get used to it,
but looks like you're
lovin it instead.

Ah la la, la la la la
y'all come back, hear?